Napkin

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Napkin

by apollotheking875

Summary

Will freaks out when Hannibal touches him (SFW) and our favourite fatherly cannibal dishes out some comfort.

Safe reading!

Notes

Make sure to the read the tags!
I don't really see this series going anywhere, but I'll add to it when I have the time.

My writing has gone downhill and the pacing of this is horrific 💀

Tw:
Panic attacks
Mentions of past abuse

Bon appetite:

See the end of the work for more notes

Will hadn’t seen the hand coming.

He had been eating breakfast with Hannibal, it was some form of breakfast scramble?

The sausage tasted and felt weird in his mouth, he wasn’t really sure why, but he still wanted to be polite so he focused very hard on not spitting it out.

So when Hannibal reached towards him to hand him a napkin, he didn’t see him until said tissue was being pressed to his face.

He flinched, hard and backwards, off of the chair.

The sound of the thump didn’t reach his ears because now he couldn’t breathe. And the noise was washing over him, his ears felt blocked and a pressure was all around him . And that damned piece of sausage was still in his fucking mouth.

He swallowed it to prevent himself from chocking.

Then flipped his head up, hair shifting and eyes widening, as he met Hannibal’s equally wide eyes staring back.

The man hadn’t gotten up, he was still sat in his chair, still holding his cutlery in one hand, the tissue in his other.

…

Still holding his cutlery,

Holding a knife.

And Will's breathe hitched again, he had one arm propped up on the floor, but it was shaking so hard he felt like he was about to collapse.

He brought his knees to his chest, eyes blurring slightly as he tried to regain the little composure he usually had.

And his father was suddenly stood in-front of him, tall and broad,

Will felt a whimper building in his chest, making its way into his throat,

But he couldn't show weakness,

It would just make it worse.

He felt himself slipping, his mind becoming fuzzy to try and protect him from what was too come,

The whimper escaped when a heavy hand was set on his shoulder, and he scrunched his eyes closed waiting for the first hit or kick to come his way.

He took the arm that wasn't supporting him and raised it to cover his face, turning his head into the crook of his elbow.

"P-please…" he whispered, not knowing what else to say.

It was better if he kept quiet.

He felt the hand on his shoulder squeeze, gently so that it didn't hurt but with enough pressure that it was grounding.

His father had never been this gentle, it was either a bone breaking grip or no touch at all.

His floor felt weird under his palm, but he refused to open his eyes and check.

The hand squeezed again, four times, then paused, then three, then paused, then four times again. Before repeating the pattern.

“Breathe, I assure you it will help.”

The voice cut through suddenly, and Will’s ears rang slightly as the noises of the world came back to him.

He could hear dogs barking from somewhere in the house,

His dad sure as hell didn’t have dogs,

And he could feel the pounding of his heart in his chest.

He flinched back again as a hand moved the arm raised in-front of his face, gently pushing it down.

The child in him screamed it was so they could get a better aim at his face.

But the adult him came back to the front of his mind and rationalised that it was in fact Hannibal in-front of him.

“William. Open your eyes, you’re safe, I promise you that.”

He wanted to believe him. He really really did, but his breathing was still catching in his throat and his lungs burnt.

His mind was battling itself, yelling back and forth, and he grit his teeth, clenching his jaw and squeezed his eyes tighter shut.

“It is alright.” The voice was incredibly soft, and the accent helped Will remember he was not with his father.

His father was dead.

His father could not come back.

He was with Hannibal. He was safe.

He opened his eyes, and one again met Hannibal’s, before looking down and turning his head away bringing his shoulders up and stiffening a bit more.

Heat rose to his cheeks, flushing them slightly as the embarrassment settling heavily in his chest. Not as heavy as the fear but still there.

He kept his eyes fixed to the floor, hoping Hannibal would see he was fine (alive) and leave him be.

It didn’t work because the hand again squeezed his shoulder, “Will. I think it would be best, for both of us, if you didn’t go to work today, is that okay?”

Will nodded along, still dazed and foggy. “Good boy. In that case, can you stand up?”

Will again nodded, choosing to ignore Hannibal’s praise in the better interest of using his already propped up arm to move him into a better position before he tried to stand.

Key word being *tried* because he stood halfway before his knees buckled and he fell,

Into Hannibal, who seemed to have no trouble looping his arm around Will’s back, and sliding the other arm under his knees.

He lifted him bridal style over to the couch, while ignoring the mortified expression on Will's face.

”Now, would you like me to bring you your breakfast to finish?” Hannibal asked when Will was settled, having pushed himself into the side of the couch and bringing his knees up again.

Will simply shook his head, failing to find his voice. He expected Hannibal to tut about manners but the man simply hummed in acknowledgment before disappearing from Will's line of sight

End Notes

Thanks for reading!! Hoped you liked it.

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